THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, March 17, 1806.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

A SIMPLE TALE *of* LOVE,

Interspersed with Quotations, and original Verses.

——— " He who yon skies involves
In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
Of noon, flies harmless; and that very voice
Which thunders terror thro' the guilty heart,
With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine."

THOMSON.

HENRY (the solitary inhabitant of a lowly cottage near the seashore) had ascended a neighbouring height, to admire the gradual decline of day. His sheep were already secured, and his faithful dog reposed at his feet. The western hills were lost in the bright effulgence of the setting sun; and the foliage of the forest displayed a variety of inimitable tints. Oh! (exclaimed Henry, with energy)

——— " Who can paint
Like nature? Can imagination boast
Amid its gay creation hues like her's?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
Or lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows."

THOMSON.

Although the spirit of calmness pervaded the scenery, and the breezes slumbered in the blue expanse of ether, Henry

easily perceived that some sudden change would inevitably take place. The sea appeared perfectly composed, but a mournful murmur stole along its shores; and the leaves of the forest frequently rustled, when not even a zephyr fanned the dewy blossoms of the rose. Scarcely had he returned to his cottage ere his fears were realized. The winds blew at intervals with incredible violence. The waves burst with a tremendous roar, over their rocky barriers; and the awful thunder reached through the vast concave of heaven. "Dreadful indeed (exclaimed Henry) is this elemental conflict! But what have I to fear? Is not virtue a secure shield? and does not religion render my simple habitation an impregnable fortress? Rather let the *guilty* tremble; let those who have rioted in luxury and vice start at the fiery bolts of divine vengeance, and shrink from the thunders of omnipotence." He would have proceeded, but was startled at the sound of a distant gun; he listened; the same sound again alarmed him; it was the signal of distress from some ill-fated vessel that approached the shore. Henry, naturally bold, was too much the friend of humanity to remain inactive in so critical a moment. He proceeded with the utmost expedition to the clift; from whence (dreadful to relate) the cries of despair were distinctly heard. Conscious of his incapacity of rendering any immediate assistance, he waited, in dreadful suspense, the event of the storm. The signals were still repeated, and still the shricks of terror smote his afflicted ear. The fatal crisis at length arrived. The ship parted, with a loud crash; and the voices of misery reached him no more; nothing was heard but the mingled howlings of the winds and waves. Not long had he contemplated the awful catastrophe, ere he perceived, by a sudden glare of lightning, one of the wretched sufferers struggling to gain a footing on the shore; but so exhausted was his strength, that the retreating billows again hurried him back into deeper waters. Swift as the fawn from the pursuit of the hunter, Henry flew to his relief, and felt his exertions amply recompensed by the preservation of a fellow-creature's life. The unfortunate man was incapable of thanking his deliverer, who lifting him on his shoulder, hastened to the cottage. Having placed his hapless burden on the bed, Henry perceived him, by his dress, to be a person of some distinction, and immediately administered a comfortable cordial. Not that the discovery of his dignity stimulated Henry's desires of relieving him; on the contrary he felt for *all*, alike. No sordid interest animated his exertions; but his heart expanded with that noble and genuine spirit of humanity, which dignifies and adorns the votaries of virtue. The effects of the cordial were soon evident. The patient sunk into a sound sleep; whilst Henry, with friendly solicitude, awaited the termination of his slumbers.

What

What are your pleasures, foolish race,
Who fashion's fairy steps pursue?
Can hearts like your's be blest with peace,
Or life afford one joy for you?

Gaze on the cot where virtue reigns;
Where Henry checks each vain desire;
The gentlest shepherd of the plains,
The sweetest bard that tunes the lyre.

He yields his thoughts to hopes divine,
And spurns th' alluring pow'rs of fame;
Whilst you, in luxury supine,
Disgrace your nature and your name.

"Now from the golden east the zephyrs borne
Proclaim'd with balmy gales th' approach of morn;
And fair aurora deck'd her radiant head
With roses cropt from Eden's flow'ry bed."
HOOLE'S TASSO.

SCARCELY was the bosom of the east suffused by the blushes of the early dawn, before the stranger opened his languid eyes; and, with a mingled look of sorrow and surprize, requested to be informed of the circumstances attending his escape. Henry, with his natural readiness to oblige, gave him a short, but satisfactory account of the occurrences of the preceding night; and of the part of the kingdom to which the fury of the elements had fortuitously driven him. Concluding with a prayer of gratitude to providence, for having ordained him to become the humble instrument of humanity. "Rather (interrupted the affected sufferer), rather let *me* offer up my grateful orisons to the great Disposer of Events, through whose unspeakable goodness I have met with so noble a preserver. In addition to this unexpected restoration to life, I have the consolation of finding myself within a few miles of my family and friends; and if you will have the goodness to conduct me to Seldon Vale, I shall feel myself still more indebted to your unparalleled philanthrophy." Henry cheerfully consented, and having taken some refreshment, they proceeded slowly through the serpentine path of the forest. The stranger first interrupted their silence, by giving Henry an explicit account of his family and connexions. He proved to be the youngest son of the Hon. Sedley Montrose, a person of an overbearing and tyrannical disposition; and who from his anxiety to maintain the dignity and splendour of his ancestors, had determined on a wife for Ferdinand, before he himself had harboured a single thought on the subject. Lady Elizabeth Maurdaunt was the destined object; she was past the noon of life; of a masculine appear-

ance; and possessed of that disgusting pride, and those erroneous notions of greatness, which are the offspring of a circumscribed understanding. Ferdinand in vain attempted to dissuade his father from his ambitious scheme of family aggrandizement; assuring him, he would rather live in the most humble situation, than be indebted to Lady Elizabeth for the superfluous luxuries her fortune might afford him. But in vain were his remonstrances; his tears and supplications were in vain. His father persisted with insuperable obstinacy; 'till Ferdinand, naturally timid, and accustomed to obey his most eccentric commands, commenced his melancholy suit, and soon succeeded in leading her ladyship to the altar of Hymen. Since their union they had resided in the vale of Seldon, where the charms of solitude, and the entertainment he found in superintending the education of his only child, Maria, had effected in his mind a compleat resignation to the will of fate. He also informed Henry that the vessel which had been wrecked, was a packet in which he was returning from Lisbon; where, by the advice of his physician, he had spent a few months for the benefit of his health. His narrative was scarcely concluded, ere they arrived at Sedley Hall. The astonishment his sudden appearance excited may be easily conceived. Maria was overcome with joy, and expressed by a flood of tears the tender emotions of her heart; whilst her ladyship, with a mixture of dignity and apparent affection, welcomed his return, and congratulated him on his escape. "To this brave youth (exclaimed Montrose) I owe my preservation. To secure *my* life he hazarded his own, and has since treated me with filial attention. Maria would have fallen at his feet, in testimony of her gratitude, but was checked by her mother, who, with great gravity and hauteur, thus addressed him: "I am perfectly aware, young man, of the vast obligation you have imposed on us; and I feel infinite pleasure that we have it in our power amply to reward your admirable exertions. At present retire to the servants' hall, where you will find refreshment; and in the mean time, I shall consult with Mr. Montrose, as to the extent of the reward your services have merited." "Your ladyship (answered Henry) has formed but a pitiful opinion of the motives that caused the exertions you so much admire. I spurn the idea of a sordid recompence, which, however extensive, could never afford me those beatific sensations which the consciousness of having performed my duty inspires. Having preserved a fellow-creature, from the precipice of eternity, and restored him to the embraces of his family, I shall return to my cottage with a treasure in my bosom far more valuable than the wealth of empires." He said no more, but darting from their presence, left them in a state of admiration and surprize;

Unlike

Unlike the blinded wretch that madly strays
In search of bliss, thro' pleasure's flow'ry ways,
Who in base luxury his time employs,
And proudly banquets on unreal joys,
Henry, the paths of rural peace pursues,
And courts the smiles of virtue and the muse.
See on you towering hill, where fame's bright dome
Outvies the splendour of imperial Rome,
What busy crowds on self-advancement bent,
Struggle to gain the slippery ascent;
'Till faint with toiling, down the victims slide
And sink neglected in oblivion's tide.
Not so shall Henry's matchless virtues fade,
Tho' robb'd awhile of wealth's exalting aid;
Heav'n views th' unnumbered graces of his soul,
And in the book of life records them all.

(To be continued.)

INTERESTING TRIAL.

COURT of KING's BENCH, March 6.

NATHANIEL CLAYTON, *v.* MICHAEL ATKINSON, ESQ.

THE plaintiff is a solicitor at Newcastle-upon-Tyne; the defendant is the heir and representative of Richard Atkinson, Esq. well known for his extensive estates in the West Indies. This action sought a compensation in damages for a libel, laid at 10000l.

Mr. Garrow, for the plaintiff, said, that his client was unhappily the brother-in-law of the defendant, and could only be induced to bring this action because to neglect it would be to surrender his character and honour for life. This gentleman had practised in a learned profession for thirty years in the north of England; the defendant had considerable hereditary property, and in addition to this had acquired a large fortune in India, with which he returned to this country in the year 1804. The late Mr. Richard Atkinson was the uncle of the plaintiff's wife, and when that gentleman died, in right of that lady, the plaintiff was entitled to a large share of the family estates. In consequence of his domestic relations, and of the manner in which the property was involved with the concerns of Mr. Paul Benfield, and others, the management of the affairs devolved upon him, and upon another gentleman, whom it would be only necessary to name to attract respect; it was Sir Francis Baring, who would give his testimony to his perfect approbation of the conduct of the plaintiff in respect to the whole of these transactions. The learned counsel noticed this circumstance, because

cause the only ground for the acrimony of the defendant, which gave occasion to this libel, was a supposed, or rather pretended, mismanagement in regard to this business. The plaintiff from time to time communicated to the defendant the several stages of the proceedings in Mr. Richard Atkinson's affairs; but the libel was not written until the return of the defendant to England. After that event it was addressed to his brother, Mr. Matthew Atkinson, then residing in Jamaica, and a more malignant diabolical composition the arch-fiend of Hell could never have prepared; and would it be believed, that the only offence this gentleman had committed, was to advance a very considerable sum out of his own fortune, to release from embarrassment the estates in which he had certainly a common interest with the defendant? The defendant arrived in this country in the month of May, 1804, and soon afterwards received a letter from the plaintiff, couched in terms of fraternal regard, and expressing the hope that he and his wife should soon have an opportunity of waiting upon him. It appeared singular to the plaintiff that no notice was taken of this letter; that, however, was attributed to some accidental cause, and Mrs. Clayton left the fond circle of her family, consisting of eleven children, to interchange those affectionate sensations in a personal interview, so natural, and so estimable between brothers and sisters. The same corrupt spirit which occasioned the libel, caused the rejection of his sister before his own door, and what, if possible, was yet more afflicting, his own mother. at the age of seventy-six years, was not permitted to enter his dwelling. So reluctant was this gentleman to expose these matters in a public court of justice, that, notwithstanding these gross provocations, he had offered to have the difference adjusted either by a gentleman at the bar, or by any man of honour and integrity, whatever might be his profession, rank, or condition of life.—This proposal was at first received with coldness, and afterwards with a direct and contumacious defiance. The plaintiff did not come here in expectation of large damages; he had not left it to the pleader to claim of the justice of the jury, if not of its indignation, damages to the extent of 30 or 40,000l. but in the face of the record he had placed a sum so moderate, that even the jury might not be led away by the excess of their feelings, or the counsel by the extravagance of his own sensibility. [Mr. Garrow here read extracts from the letter containing the libel, which we shall give in his own words, in another place, in preference to citing the whole letter, which contains much extraneous and irrelevant matter. He then proceeded.]

"The malicious man (said Mr. Garrow) is more dangerous to society than a madman, and if we cannot shut him up in St. Luke's we must take care to pare his nails a little. We wage no war with Bedlam; but I charge on the defendant, black, poi-

sonous, destructive malice. The libel now complained of, was not uttered in the heat of conversation; it was gravely prepared in the form of a letter, and not the irritation of a moment. The defendant was determined no accident of the elements should prevent its receipt, and a duplicate, yea, a triplicate of the contents was sent to his own brother. When you, gentlemen of the jury, commit millions to the mercy of the waves, in the form of bills of exchange, I believe your caution does not extend beyond the means this defendant employed to ensure the communication of this nefarious libel. Although no justification is entered on the record, I will admit any proof in any form, to implicate the character of the plaintiff, and this gentleman shall retire from your presence, from his profession, and the world, with ignominy, if my learned friend, who appears for the defendant, can produce a single witness of decent character, who will say, that the plaintiff has conducted himself without integrity and honour, in any one insulated transaction of his life."

Mr. Matthew Atkinson said, he was the brother of the defendant, and that he had received a letter from him, dated the 29th of July, 1804, from No. 64, Welbeck-street, and addressed to himself, then at Kingston, in Jamaica. He added, that he had received a duplicate and a triplicate of the same letter. Being asked whether he knew the character of Murphy, in Fielding's novel of Amelia, an attorney who was hanged for the forgery of a will, he said he was unacquainted with that production, but understood that the name was intended to be applied to his brother-in-law.

[The letter was now read by Mr. Lowten, the clerk of the court; we shall, however, only give the extracts composing the libel, as quoted by the learned counsel from his brief.]

The date was the 29th of July, 1804.

"I shall not at present enter into a most disgusting but true detail to deprive me of the fair course of the service in India, and to prevent me from ever having it in my power to return to England; I shall not state this to you, but I do purge myself for ever from the family; and I might lay before you a train of circumstances, fully proving the wish of my nearest relations for my death, which, horrible as the reflection is, it is nevertheless true. My great pain has been, the connexion with that unparalleled villain, Murphy, the Newcastle attorney. This detestable miscreant has long ago placed himself at the head of my family; and, literally, converted my father's house into a den of thieves. Now, Matthew, I put you to the test: I admit of no medium between you and this miscreant attorney, whose name is infamy, and whose touch is pollution. You must either adhere to him, or to me; I leave you to chuse; and, unless I hear from you by the first opportunity after receiving this, I

shall

shall consider you as Murphy's man, for all bad work. If you join me, you will find me a true brother; let me assure you, I am not so easily deceived as you have been taught to believe."

The letter then stated, that instructions had been given for a bill in chancery on the subject of his uncle's will, which would include all parties, and control and over-ride every thing that had been done. It added that he (Matthew Atkinson) would be a witness, and then followed—

"The rascal knows better, but as the law proceedings will tend to swell the bill of costs, I know he would advise standing suit, even if the gallows would be the consequence. Should he be able to keep his own neck out of the halter, the villain would care no farther."

The letter then proceeded to state the terms of the supposed will of the uncle, asserted that it was a rank forgery, and introduced new terms of abuse.

The duplicate and triplicate were afterwards given in evidence, and the introductory passages to one of them were read.

The answer of the last witness was also read, in which he avows the warmth of his attachment to his brother, the defendant admonishes him on the melancholy effects of his indignation, and recommends their common mother to his love, respect, and veneration.

Sir Francis Baring deposed, that the affairs of the deceased Mr. Atkinson, were much involved; that Mr. Paul Benfield had a claim on one of the estates in Jamaica, which was bought off by a sum of 30,000l. towards which, he, Sir Francis Baring, advanced 6000l. and the plaintiff 16,000l. He added, that the plaintiff had assisted in the management of these concerns, that he had acted with great propriety as a lawyer, and with much affection as a relation of the family.

Mr. Dallas, for the defendant, was concerned to find, that of the various opinions delivered by his learned friend, there was only one with which he could heartily and unequivocally concur, and that was, that the gentlemen of the jury ought to pay the utmost possible deference to purity of character. It was singular that this case was brought here, when it might have been, with perfect fitness, tried in the immediate neighbourhood where the plaintiff resided; but the learned counsel would not complain of this circumstance, because he felt that the cause could not devolve into hands more fair and honourable. It was most extraordinary that the plaintiff, whose wife sustained the character of sister to the defendant, and whose children, in consequence, were some of his nearest relations, should have exposed his own family, by giving publicity to such a transaction in a court of justice. In one respect his learned friend had not

dealt candidly with him; he had told the jury, that no justification was entered upon the record, had challenged the counsel for the defendant to produce witnesses for the truth of the libel, when he knew, from the terms of the record, the defendant could be prepared with no such testimony. It did no credit to his learned friend, to profess so much valour in the attack, when he knew his adversary was provided with no weapon. The libel had been proved; he would not affect to vindicate the terms of it; and the only question before the jury was, the *quantum* of damages. In this estimate, it was expedient to consider the nature and circumstances of the provocation. The defendant was the nephew of the late Mr. Richard Atkinson, who had been an eminent merchant, and from whom he expected a considerable fortune. Instead of deriving a clear property, as a residuary legatee, he found the estates of his uncle involved, in what were called the Benfield cause, the omnium cause, and various other suits, with which another court was perfectly conversant, so that the defendant had not received a single shilling from his princely fortune. In the excess of his mortification, he attributed to the plaintiff motives by which he was not, perhaps, actuated, and he supposed the family had formed a connection, not only to bring him to ruin in his circumstances, but had united in a conspiracy to deprive him even of existence. Under these impressions, he wrote the letter on which this action was founded. It was not printed, it was not circulated, and exposed to the inspection of mankind. It was a private confidential communication which ought never to have left the scrutoire of his brother, and which was merely the natural expression of feeling under an incorrect view which had been presented to him by his chagrin and disappointment. What should the brother have done on receiving such a letter? He should have cleared up the doubts of the plaintiff, he should have justified the conduct of his relation, and he should either have committed the letter itself to the flames, or should have concealed it for ever from observation. The whole mischief had arisen from the indiscretion or obduracy of one of the witnesses, and from the impolicy or folly of the plaintiff in submitting this charge on his own conduct to public inspection in a British court of justice, whose proceedings are known throughout the kingdom. Yet this plaintiff, who was thus instrumental in giving notoriety to the charges, called upon a jury for extravagant damages in vindication of his own honour.

Lord Ellenborough—"This is an action for a libel. The letter certainly contains expressions extremely injurious to the character of the plaintiff, who is represented as one of the basest of mankind. Some men possess a habit of coolness and deliberation, others are given more to the expression of the indignant feelings. Whatever may be the phlegmatic disposition

of this defendant, he seems, on the present occasion, to have indulged the malignant passions, and to have sent duplicates and triplicates of a communication that ought never to have appeared, directing also this ebullition of rage against the very mother from whose womb he sprang. The learned counsel for the defendant has endeavoured to shew the extent of the provocation, or rather the degree of disappointment to which his client had been exposed; and on this ground, he contended, that a sort of temporary insanity had been produced, which would furnish an apology, if not a justification of his conduct. I am afraid of giving way to this argument. Here we can know no distinctions but those of a person of sound mind and a madman; those who oscillate between the two extremes would be the most dangerous members of society, if they were permitted to give way to the indulgence of their extravagance with impunity. In a case of this kind, you are not merely to consider the degree of injury received from defamation, any more than in an action for an assault, you are to assign your damages in exact proportion to the corporeal suffering of the plaintiff. You are to take into account the vexation he has suffered, and the insult he has received. This person appears to hold a respectable situation in his profession, and in a profession in which he is liable to summary punishment if he act wrong; he ought therefore to receive peculiar encouragement if he act right. He is a father of eleven children; his character to him, and to them, is of great importance; and I am not aware how he could effectually restrain the malignity of the defendant, but by bringing him to the bar of his country. You have heard the case, and you will give such a measure of damages as befits your good sense and discretion."—Verdict for the plaintiff, 1000l.

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE *of* BRAVERY.

IN the late glorious action with the combined fleets, his majesty's ship Defiance, commanded by Captain Durham, had engaged a French 80 gun-ship, within pistol shot. Mr. Spratt, mate of the above ship, from his great activity, had been honoured with the command of the boarders, and likewise promised an opportunity to signalize himself. This brave young officer, in the midst of the action, asked his gallant captain permission to board, who immediately ordered the helm-a-weather, and the boarders to be ready; but this true son of Neptune, fearing the ship would not close, and unwilling to lose so glorious an opportunity, requested of the men that could swim, to follow him. He plunged into the water, swam to the enemy's stern, and entered the gun-room port alone, by the assistance

assistance of the rudder-chains. His men either misunderstood, or did not hear him, in the clamour of battle; but our hero made his way courageously through the different decks, and was soon after seen on the enemy's poop, with his hat on the point of his cutlass, calling the boarders to his assistance, who were then anxiously waiting for the ships to close. He attempted to haul down the French colours, but was attacked by several grenadiers, whom he repulsed with success. The ships being pretty close, several of our tars got over, who bent their vengeance on an officer. He cried for mercy, and threw himself at our hero's feet, who saved his life. He had scarcely performed this piece of service, when a musket was levelled at his breast, but so close, that he fortunately struck it downward; receiving, however, the shot through his leg, which was severely fractured. He afterwards fought two of the enemy on his knees, who were soon dispatched by some of the brave tars by whom he was so gallantly supported. The ship soon after struck, and proved to be L'Aigle. This young officer is in the navy hospital, and, we are happy to hear, in a fair way of doing well.

Some ACCOUNT *of the* DUCHY *of* WIRTEMBURGH.

THE duchy of Wirtemburgh has at length assumed the rank which it ought to fill among the states of Germany. With this country every Englishman has a natural relation; some account of it, therefore, will not be deemed uninteresting.

Wirtemburgh in fertility, in natural beauties, in diversity of mountain and plain, of wood and water, yields to no province of Germany. The wines of Wirtemburgh are celebrated not only in France, Italy, Hungary, and in the Grecian Isles, but in the extremest part of the north and the east, in Russia and Persia. Wirtemburgh has likewise to boast other favours of providence; baths, and mineral waters; and her three celebrated rivers, the Necker, the Ens, and the Rems. The country is divided by a small chain of mountains in two parts. Unter Steig is the name of that portion of country beyond the mountains; Oter Steig is the name of the expause below them.

The castle of Wirtemburgh, delightfully situated on the Necker, is the residence of the princes of Wirtemburgh; a family as ancient as any in Germany, but whose origin, with that of many other dynasties, is lost in the obscurity of feudal genealogies, and the confusion of remote alliance.

The antiquity of the house only is known; the stream cannot be traced.

By some it is said that the house of Wirtemburgh descended from the French kings, and that Clovis bestowed upon a German baron, of his own blood, the territory of Wirtemburgh as a royal fief. Some contend that Conrad, the first earl, or count, of Wirtemburgh, received his dignities from Henry the Fourth of Germany. The confusion is easily cleared up. A French king, Clovis or some other, gave the original fief at a time when the original French monarchs had the whole sway of Germany, and the emperor of Germany conferred the personal honours.

However this may be, it is certain that the first duke of Wirtemburgh was created by the Emperor Maximilian the First, in 1495. He was called Eberhard the First. He reigned over the duchy but a year, and was succeeded by Eberhard the Second. Eberherd, with a singular modesty, thinking himself incapable of reigning, abdicated in favour of his brother, who, in a short time, followed the example of Eberhard, and the sceptre passed to his son Ulrick, who, being an infant, submitted to a regency, which he was lucky enough to shake off in his sixteenth year.

Under the reign of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, Ulrick was deprived of his kingdom by the league of Swabia; and saw it bestowed upon Ferdinand the brother of his conqueror. The duchy remained under the Austrian dominion from 1519 to 1534, when Philip, the landgrave of Hesse, assisted by France, re-established Ulrick, and a league having dethroned him, a league was made to protect him. A condition, however, was attached to the duchy, that the princes should receive their investitures from the hands of the emperor.

The children of Ulrick died without posterity in the year 1595. Frederick, the nephew of Ulrick, succeeded to the estates of his uncle, and became the origin and founder of the present house of Wirtemburgh.

Frederick obtained from Rodolph the Second an exemption from all kinds of vassalage by the payment of 425,000 florins; but it was agreed, should the house of Wirtemburgh become extinct, that the line of Austria should inherit the duchy. The lay electors, who refused to acknowledge the original vassalage of Wirtemburgh disputed likewise the right of succession in Austria, alledging in case of the extinction of the Wirtemburgh family, that the succession, eventually, belonged to the empire.

In 1540, on the death of Charles the Sixth, the male race of Charles the Fifth, becoming extinct, the dukes of Wirtemburgh considered themselves exempt from all feudal dependence; but it was pretended that the house of Lorrain succeeded to all the rights of the house of Austria. This question would have remained undecided to this day, but for the treaty of

Presburgh,

Presburgh, which, by elevating Wirtemburgh, to the dignity of a kingdom, has emancipated her from all feudal, obsolete, and oppressive vassalage.

Under Ulrick the protestant religion was established in Wirtemburgh.

Among the princes of Wirtemburgh the name of Charles Eugene is most celebrated; he was a patron of the arts and sciences, and several useful establishments were formed under his reign, which was long and glorious. He protected industry and commerce; he collected as plendid library at Stutgard, and augmented the glory and power of his family.

In 1782, the niece of Charles Eugene, the present mother of the reigning emperor of Russia, was married to the Grand Duke Paul, who afterwards became emperor of all the Russias, and whose folly and tyranny caused him to be cut off by private assassination. This alliance was a glorious epoch for the sovereigns of Wirtemburgh, and particularly for that prince who had raised his country so highly in the estimation of Europe.

The population of the states of Wirtemburgh does not exceed seven hundred thousand; their revenue is about five million florins.

The five cities of the Danube; Ehingen, with its rich abbey of benedictines; Munderhingen, in a position naturally fortified; Riedlengen, Mengen, and Swalgau, with their fertile territories; the Upper and Lower Province of Hohenburgh, which contains so many wealthy seignories, and which, by its situation in the Black Forest, gives a superior compactness to Wirtemburgh, are among the valuable possessions of this duchy.

It can cause no regret that this ancient state is thus raised in the scale of empire, and though we may all lament the circumstances which have occasioned it, and the hands which have constructed the edifice; it must be the common wish that it may flourish with safety and glory through all the storms and contentions which we foresee in Germany.

THE UNHAPPY COUPLE.

HORTENSIUS, a man of cultivated taste, became acquainted with Tempesta. He was some years younger than her; and, in fact, was a novice in the art of love. She had the cunning to make herself appear amiable in his eyes, by concealing the deformities of her temper, and making the best use of those charms and allurements which nature had given her. Though her heart had become callous to the arrows of Cupid, from a repetition of disappointments, she made him believe

believe that he was the only person who had ever engaged her affections. She affected to be miserable when she did not see him at the moment he had engaged to visit her; and though he once ran the risk of being drowned from an occasional flood, in order that he might be punctual to his appointment, he found her in tears, and ready to upbraid him for the lateness of his appearance. This trait of her character ought to have convinced him, that she would be a jealous and a suspicious wife; but, poor man! he ignorantly and innocently set it down for love; and, to make short, married her—and never saw another happy day. His business, by which he was to support both her and himself, required that he should be often out of her sight. She complained that she was left alone; and those moments which ought to have been sacred to domestic endearments, were spent, on her part, in ungrateful and undutiful repinings. He was labouring for a maintenance, and deserved to have his home made comfortable, and his hours of relaxation happy; but the reverse was his fate; yet he ceased not to struggle for independence; and though he felt the misery of his situation, he had the resolution to pursue the path which his duty indicated.

Hitherto she had not troubled him with her jealousies: but when, by rendering him miserable, she had rendered him reserved, and saw that it was natural for him to be cheerful when he met with a congenial mind, she began to watch every motion, and every look, and to pester him with her suspicions. She abused every female to whom he paid the slightest attention; and some affected friends, though real enemies, encouraging her unhappy propensity to be jealous, she soon found sufficient pretexts to make herself appear aggrieved, and her husband not only wretched, but ridiculous. He repelled her base insinuations with the consciousness of rectitude: but when she had worked him up to a passion, her jealousy made her interpret it as a sense of his guilt, and his reputation suffered in proportion as he studied to preserve it untarnished.

The history of Tempesta's jealousy, and the unaccountable incidents on which it fixed for evidences of its justice, would extend in detail to volumes. Suffice it to say, that Hortensius, finding it impossible, by any correctness of conduct, to escape censure, gradually became alienated from his wife, and sought that consolation abroad, which he would have been happy to have found at home. At first he was miserable; in the end he became criminal; and who under similar circumstances can say, he would have had the resolution to have acted better? His credit was lost before he had been guilty of a single error; and at length he became indifferent to that opinion which had stigmatized him when innocent. Yet to the last, he had no taste for

vicious

vicious indulgences; and had not Tempesta been naturally jealous, he would never have given her real occasion to be so. She died of a broken heart: her husband did not long survive her; and, perhaps, owed his end to the same cause, for he never knew the sweets of peace.

On the Insufficiency of the present Mode of Female Clothing.

[From the Monthly Magazine.]

To the EDITOR.

SIR,

I Confess that I am an old fellow, but I am not willing to allow that what I am going to say is dictated by that circumstance. In fact it is the great regard I have always borne the fair-sex, and which is by no means extinguished, that prompts me on the present occasion. Sir, our ladies are at this time lamentably exposed to two opposite dangers—from cold and from heat—both owing to the materials and fashion of their dress. It seems as if, along with the attempt to turn day into night, which has succeeded but too well, a design was adopted of changing the frigid zone into the torrid, which I apprehend is beyond the reach of human ingenuity to effect.

The materials of female cloathing are now (thanks to the inventive talents of the Manchester manufacturers) almost entirely of cotton, and that of the finest and slenderest fabric. Every lady now, in her full-dress, or rather undress, is an oriental queen, or a princess of the Fortunate Islands, floating, like a bird of paradise, in a cloud of airy plumage, scarcely palpable to the touch. Shrouded from head to foot in combustibles, she adds a length of train reaching beyond any common estimate of personal proximity; and every sudden turn in the neighbourhood of a fire or a candle exposes her to as much hazard as the moth fluttering round the evening-taper. Seldom a week passes without some dreadful story of a female martyr to fashion, whose sufferings exceed those of former martyrs to religion at the stake, without the hope of a future recompense. Who can affirm that women are by nature timid, when they consent daily to undergo as much danger by their fire-sides, as the soldier in the field or the sailor on the ocean?

But the mischiefs produced by cold in consequence of the present mode, though less obvious and alarming, are much more numerous. Our changeful and habitually cold and moist climate is peculiarly productive of that fatal disease, the consumption, to which none are so liable as delicate females in the first bloom of life. No guard against it is equally important with the preservation of an equable warmth over the whole surface

surface of the body; for the sympathy between the lungs and the skin infallibly renders a partial application of cold to the latter, the cause of deranged action in the former. The progress from a cold to a cough, and from the latter to a consumption, is so frequent, and in some constitutions so rapid, that no common danger from disease at the age of puberty can compare with it. Nor is it possible to conceive any system of dress more calculated to produce inequality of bodily temperature than that of modern fashionable females.

I acknowledge, that to meet them in the streets, wrapt up in pellisses, and buried in fur muffs and tippets, they seem as impenetrable to cold as the animals from which they borrow their shaggy spoils. But how different their appearance in the parlour or drawing-room, where some of the very parts which are most guarded abroad, are reduced to absolute nudity! I do not pretend to deny that comfortable flannel may lurk under an exterior coating of fine muslin; but their elbows and arms, dear Sir! think of their poor, cold, red elbows and arms! By the bye, I will venture to suggest—and I believe I shall have even the *young* men on my side—that the fair sex in general were never more out in their politics, than when they chose to treat us with the view of a part of their persons which is very rarely a captivating spectacle, and often much the reverse. Necks and shoulders, too, we may certainly say, are out of the region of flannel; and I suspect that the delicate ankle, which has lately so much grown upon us, has rarely a second covering. On the whole, I can never on a cold day behold a young lady in her chambery or muslins, her transparent drapery and her nudities, without a sympathetic shudder; and when I seriously reflect on the manifold dangers to which she is exposed, I lament that so fair a thing should be so perishable. When shall we see again the good times of silks and satins, stuffs and calimancoes? But I feel myself in danger of betraying *too much* of the old fellow, so, Sir, I respectfully take my leave.

Your's &c.

PHILOGUNES.

On the Advantage of Depending upon our own Exertions.

HOW respectable is he, who, trusting with a manly confidence to the efficacy of his own exertions, encounters, with due sense and energy, the various difficulties of life; and has no reproaches to make himself for a spiritless neglect of his concerns! Such men rarely experience the frowns of the world, as, through timely industry, they are enabled to defy the ill-nature of what is called fortune—a word often used by the indolent and undeserving, to screen their indolence and want of appli-

cation. Persons of this active and vigorous turn, are seldom disappointed in their endeavours to establish themselves in that system of life, which their reasonable aims have pointed at as attainable.

Far different is usually the fate of people of a contrary disposition. By relying too much on near expectations, and bare possibilities, such individuals may justly be said to deliver themselves up to adventitious friendships and casual advantages. They are not aware that these usually depend on the caprice of men, who, perhaps, will bestow them for such qualifications as the receivers would never have built a pretence upon, and for those ends which they never had in view: whence it often happens, that inability, or disinclination, operating on the benefited, their benefactors contract an idea of their indolence or ingratitude, while they ought to blame themselves for mistaking the capacity or disposition of those whom they favoured; no man being indiscriminately qualified for every thing which may offer. This consequence, however, shews the fatal inconvenience of having, through mismanagement, forfeited the power to chuse that vocation in life for which we feel ourselves calculated; and that, by indolently resigning ourselves to the guidance of our stars, (if such an expression may be tolerated,) we of course lay ourselves open to those unfortunate emergencies, that so constantly attend those who place too confident and implicit a reliance upon the friendship and benevolence of others. Such a behaviour may well be likened to that of one, who, though possessed of his sight, should require the assistance of a conductor, and imagine that, without him, he should not be able to find his way with security.

Too mean an opinion of what we may expect to be the result of our own most assiduous exertions is, indeed, as great an evil as too much self-confidence. Such timidity tends to unnerve the mind, and to paralyse its best endeavours. Against such a weakness we should carefully guard.

Answer, communicated by Corporal Ninnis, of the St. Agnes Volunteers, to the Miner's Question, inserted June 11, 1804.

THE ingenious Mr. Charles Vyse informs us, in his Tutor's Guide, that the air presses in the summer upon a human body about 33,905 lbs. of that fluid matter, and in winter, when the air is most light, but 30,624lbs. so in summer the pressure of the air is 3281lbs. more than in winter, which presses the air down through the pit; and in winter, when the air is most light, it enters by the level, and rises up through the pit. This is the ultimate cause of the variation in the current.

Answer, by a Lady, to the Enigma inserted January 13.

WHEN gossips, all for TEA and scandal met,
Surround the table, and the smoaking URN,
I sad, exclaim at the terrific set,
" To what base uses may we not return."
The urn, that once preserv'd, in days of yore,
The sacred dust of virtue and of worth,
For good and noble deeds employ'd no more,
To tea and scandal now it gives the birth.

☞ We have received the like answer from T. Gill, officer of excise near Wells; Polly Pilchard, of Penzance; T. Whicker, of Exeter; R. Perring, of Kingsbridge; T. Trobridge, of Plymouth; W. R. jun. of Yealmpton; J. T. and P. Codd, of Dean Prior.

Answer, by W. Bickham, Jun. of Ashburton, to R. Perring's Charade, inserted January 13.

THE WHISTLING plough-boy, and the cuckoo's song,
Delight the traveller as he rides along.

*** A similar answer has been received from H. Glasson, of Praze; Polly Pilchard, of Penzance; W. R. jun. of Yealmpton; P. Codd, jun. of Dean Prior; Corporal Ninnis, of the St. Agnes volunteers; W. Lawrence, of St. Agnes; W. Varcoe, of Mevagissey; and Adrianus.

Answer, by W. R. Jun. of Yealmpton, to the Rebus, inserted January 20.

NELSON's heroic name
Your rebus brings to view;
Enrol it in the page of fame,
With every honour due.

*** We have received the like answer from W. Cross, of Bristol; Rusticus, of Awliscombe; H. Glasson, of Praze; P. Gove, and T. Whicker, of Exeter; Adrianus; Walter Bickham, junior, of Ashburton; W. R. junior, of Yealmpton; G. Hann, jun. of Stoke Abbot; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; J. Dunstan, of Ctowan; W. Lawrence, of St Agnes; W. Varcoe, and Palemon, of Mevagissey; M. Duncan, junior, and T. Trobridge, of Plymouth; J. Day, of Winborne; J. T. of Hinton St. George; H. Lewarne, of Grampound; S. Moore, of Horswell-House; R. Trewavas, of Moushole; J. Lewis, of Poole; and T. Gill, officer of excise near Wells.

A CHARADE, *by T. Adey, of Poole.*

IF you two flowers together frame,
A very fragrant flower you'll name.

A REBUS, *by J. Lewis, of Poole.*

YE learned gents. first seek a fruit;
A singing bird of great repute;
Thirdly, a fish I'd have you find;
And then a passion of the mind;
Then last of all I'd have you tell,
A flower, gents. that you know well:
Find the initials, join them true,
An animal then comes to view.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

On the Death of a Cat with cropped Ears, that came to a friendly House without an Invitation.

SHALL Puss, tho' robb'd of half his ears,
Shall Pussy leave this vale of tears,
Without a poet's aid?
Forbid it, O ye bards, forbid;
Go mount the Pegasean steed,
And soothe his purring shade.

A stranger to the house, he came,
Without a friend, without a name,
Uncall'd for and unknown;
But soon he knew their tender care,
For every cat that wanders there
Is treated like their own.

On Nanny's lap stretch'd out at ease
(For Nanny knows full well to please,
Her *Poll*, her *Puss*, and *Tuff*)
Well-fed with pap, he clos'd his paws,
And scorn'd the cupboard's whisker'd foes,
As vile, inglorious stuff.

Thus gaily fled each passing hour,
'Till fate, with slow-consuming pow'r,
Check'd all his wonted sport;
And taught him (what I grieve to know!)
How few our pleasures are below,
And those, alas! how short!

Ah! *then!* how vain was Nanny's smile!
Nor sugar'd pap, nor finest oil,
Could save the kitchen's pride:
The nine-liv'd beauty, doom'd to part,
Mew'd forth the sorrows of his heart,
And droop'd his tail—and died!

Nanny, I know, will think me rude,
To write in such a sportive mood,
Of Cropear's sad decree;
'Tis wrong I own; since that cold hand,
Which stopp'd poor Pussy's vital sand,
May soon encounter *me*.

HENRY.

Lines sent with a Present of Violets to an accomplished Lady.

THESE violets to my fair I bring,
The purple progeny of spring;
Nor thou, dear girl, the gift refuse,
Love's earliest tribute of the muse.
Whate'er has beauty, worth, or power,
Or grace, or lustre, is a flower.

Wit

Wit is a flower; and bards prepare
The flowers of fancy for the fair.
In flower of youth the loves appear;
And lovelier blooms, when thou art near,
The flower of health. The dancing hours
Earth's joyful bosom dress with flowers;
And beauty's flowery fetters bind
In sweet captivity the mind.
With flowers the graces Venus deck,
And these adorn a fairer neck—
That neck, whose paradise to range,
A flower I'd prove, and bless the change:
One little hour I'd live, then die—
A violet in that heaven to lie.
Of violets kisses first were made,
And Venus swore they ne'er should fade:
She swore; and by the oath she swore
The spell improv'd, and charm'd the more.
Purpling it rose, the fairest flower
That ever grac'd the poet's bower:
To Laura's lips in haste it flew,
And, blooming there, delights in you.
Still as you charm, some flower we trace,
Some blossom of the mind or face.
When graceful Laura leads the dance,
We cry, "The Flower of Elegance!"
Does fashion's wreath her brow adorn?
We know "The Flower of Taste" is born!
As the soft hyacinth is seen,
"The Flower of Breeding" marks her mien!
Yon lily, symbol of her youth,
Blooms next her heart "The Flower of Truth!"
And well these violet buds express
Her beauty's spring of tenderness!
But not the brightest flowers of spring,
Whose odours charge the zephyr's wing;
Not all the vernal sweets that blow,
The violet's grace, the lily's snow,
Like thee in lustre can compare,
Or breathe so fresh, or bloom so fair;
For in thy bosom dwells a flower,
Not time shall taint, nor death devour;
A flower that no rude season fears,
And VIRTUE is the name it bears.

A Caution against lying a Bed in the Morning.

A Man in health, just in his prime,
To waste in bed his precious time,
Is what I cannot well commend,
Not even in a worthy friend.
To see the May-day sun arising,
Is pleasant, awful, and surprising;
And he who snore's in bed 'till seven,
Ere he beholds the face of heav'n,
May find, to his great shame and cost,
The best part of the day is lost.
Our span of life is like a day,
And if the morn is thrown away,
With grief we view the setting sun,
When half our task is still undone.
This thought upon, your mind impress,
Suggested by your friend J. S.